The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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WHAT THE GRANDMOTHER SAID.

"In my young days," the grandmother said,
Nodding her head,
Where cap and curls were as white as snow,—
"In my young days when we used to go
Rambling,
Scrambling,
Each little dirty hand in hand,
Like a chain of daisies, a comical band,
Of neighbors' children seriously straying,
Really and truly going a-Maying,
My mother would bid us linger,
And, lifting a slender, straight fore-finger,
Would say,
'Little Kings and Queens of the May,
Listen to me,
If you want to be
Every one of you very good,
In that beautiful, beautiful, beautiful wood,
Where the little birds' heads get so turned with delight
That some of them sing all night,
Whatever you pluck,
Leave some for good luck.
Picked from the stalk or pulled up by the root,
From overhead or from underfoot,
Water-wonders of pond or brook,
Wherever you look
Or whatever your little fingers find,
Leave something behind,—
Some for the Naiads,
Some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies.'

"After all these years," the grandame said,
Lifting her head,
"I think I can hear my mother's voice
Above all other noise,
Saying: 'Hearken, my child.
There is nothing more destructive and wild,
No wild bull with his horns,
No wild briar with clutching thorns,
No pig that routs in your garden bed,
No robber with ruthless tread,
More reckless and rude,
And wasteful of all things lovely and good,
Than a child with the face of a boy and the ways of a bear,
Who "doesn't care,"
Or some ignorant little minx,
Who never thinks.
Now I never knew so stupid an elf
That he couldn't think and care for himself.
O, little sisters and little brothers,
Think for others and care for others;
And, of all that your little fingers find,
Leave something behind!'

"We were very young," the grandmother said,
Smiling and shaking her head;
"And, when one is young,
One listens with half an ear and speaks with a hasty tongue.
So, with shouted 'yeses' and promises sealed with kisses,
Hand in hand we started again,
A chubby chain,
Stretching the whole wide width of the lane,
Or in broken links of twos and threes,
For greater ease
Of rambling
And scrambling
By the stile and the road
That goes to the beautiful, beautiful wood;
By the brink of the gloomy pond,
To the top of the sunny hill beyond,
By hedge and by ditch, by marsh and by mead,
By little by-ways that lead
To mysterious bowers;
Or to spots where for those who know
There grow,
In certain out-o'-way nooks, rare ferns and uncommon flowers.

There were flowers everywhere,
Censing the summer air,
Till the giddy bees went rolling home
To their honey-comb.
And, when we smelt at our posies,
The little fairies inside the flowers rubbed colored dust on our noses
Or pricked us till we cried aloud for snuffing the dear dog-roses.

"But, above all our noise,
I kept thinking I heard my mother's voice;
But it may have been only a fairy joke,
For she was at home, and I sometimes thought
It was really the flowers that spoke.
From the foxglove in its pride
To the shepherd's purse by the bare roadside,
From the snapjack heart of the starwort frail
To meadows full of milkmaids pale
And cowslips loved by the nightingale;
Rosette of the tasselled hazel-switch,
Sky-blue star of the ditch;
Dandelions like mid-day suns,
Bindweed that runs,
Lords with their ladies, cheek by jowl,
In purple surcoat and pale green cowl,
Family groups of primroses fair,
Orchids rare,
Velvet bee-orchis that never can sting,
Butterfly orchis which never takes wing,
Robert the herb with the strange sweet scent
And crimson leaf, when summer is spent,—
Clustering neighborly,
All this gay company
Said to us seemingly:
'Pluck, children, pluck,
But leave for good luck
Some for the Naiads, some for the Dryads,
And a bit for the Nixies and the Pixies.'

"I was but a maid," the grandame said,
"When my mother was dead;
And many a time have I stood
In that beautiful wood,
To dream that through every woodland noise,
Through the cracking of twigs, the bending of bracken,
Through the rustling of leaves in the breeze
And the bustling of dark-eyed, tawny-tailed squirrels,
Flitting about the trees,
Through the purling and trickling cool
Of the streamlet that feeds the pool,
I could hear her voice.
Should I wonder to hear it? Why?
Are the voices of tender wisdom apt to die?

"And now, though I'm very old,
And the air, that used to feel fresh, strikes chilly and cold,
On a sunny day, when I potter
About the garden or totter
To the seat from whence I can see below
The marsh and the meadows I used to know
Bright with the bloom of the flowers that blossomed there long ago,
Then, as if it were yesterday,
I fancy I hear them say:
'Pluck, children, pluck,
But leave some for good luck.
Picked from the stalk or pulled up by the root,
From overhead or from underfoot,
Water-wonders of pond or brook,
Wherever you look
And whatever your little fingers find,
Leave something behind!"

— *Juliana Horatia Ewing*

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

It may be that in trying to find God we go too far away in search for him, or that we try to find him in the grand and marvellous only. He may speak to us in the simple and the near, and have revelations for our hearts that cannot be understood by any higher method. If we have so felt at any time, in our despair of the ways of a strenuous intellectual method, it may be that a quiet hour of communion with nature has restored the balance of our thoughts, and given us the faith again which we had lost. There is a way in which we may look at nature which makes it the dwelling-place of the living God, and the means of bringing us into closest communion with him. Coming thus into his presence, the lover of nature may say: —

"I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place."

One way in which nature ministers to religion is by giving us calm and repose, bringing us rest in the midst of the hot haste and pressure of modern life, and thus helping us to find inward peace. It is indeed true that nature cannot take our heartache and sorrow wholly away, for it cannot remove the deeper causes of them; but it can in some measure restore us to ourselves, putting balm upon our wounds, and bring us into a fresh, healthy atmosphere. The beauty, the repose, and the quietness of nature, in many of its phases and moods, are so far removed from the causes of our own unrest and discontent as to afford us what we need for restoration to health.

The beauty which nature affords in rich variety and abundance may charm and delight us; and the acceptance of that charm in appreciative spirit is itself life-giving. It may be, as some thinkers have said, that this beauty is largely of our own creating, subjective even more than objective, the result of our mood more than of nature's fact; but, none the less, it is good for us to come into sympathy with the beauty of nature, to feel the thrill of delight in contact with its loveliness and its rugged might. The more we love nature, the more it has to give us, and the richer is the fruition of our intercourse with it. Something there is about the things beautiful of the outward world which is unmatchable, something which quickens in us wellsprings of life that do not flow from any other source. In the presence of a simple flower or the fresh marvel of a new day, we cannot but feel that we have come into the presence of the utmost grace of a beauty that is divine.

"Canst thou copy in verse one chime
Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,
Write in a book the morning's prime
Or match with words that tender sky?"

Unless we give attention to nature, study its moods and ways, we are not likely to get from it what it has to give. Some glimpse we may have of its charm and beauty, but it will not deeply impress us or abide as a priceless possession. It is not necessary that we should be learned in the sciences in order to enjoy the beauty that is all around us, nor is it true that ignorance of them makes the world more beautiful. What nature will say to us depends not so much on what we know as on what we feel, in what mood we meet its objects and its ongoings. Only a lover's heart can read the true secrets of nature, but it will be far better if there goes with it a mind informed of science, though this cannot take the place of the adoration that love gives.

Nature does not share in our moods, though it may soothe and allay them. It goes steadily on its way, sufficient unto itself, obeying its own law. It is calm, imperturbable, not fretting or excited, but accomplishes its tasks with a steady, unresting purpose. Our little excitements, our fever of discontent over trivial experiences and disappointments, as if the universe were made for our personal satisfaction, our storm of passion about what is soon ended, and which can be of no ultimate advantage to us, nature does not share in or encourage.

It is for our good that we have always before us another order of life than our own, obeying other laws and moved by other motives. Because of this relation to us, nature ought to make on us a deep and abiding impression. It ought to be able thereby to allay our excitements, to soothe our griefs by its passionless mood, to inspire us by its unflagging fidelity, and to rouse in us higher moral aims by its ceaseless obedience to law. If nature followed our moods, laughed when we laugh, grieved with all our sorrows, its influence upon us would be far other than it is, and less salutary. It may not be flattering to our egotism that a dark day comes when we are joyous or a bright and beautiful one when we are overwhelmed with disappointment; but it is better so, for we are taught that our moods and personal attitudes of mind are not essential to the ongoings of the universe, that it moves on its way for other purposes than those of our pleasure or our consolation. We are piqued, made curious and inquisitive, as well as deeply impressed, by this apparent want of sympathy on the part of nature. If we are wise, we are moved to question what part our own personal pleasure has in the economy of the universe. Does nature exist that we may be happy? Or are we happy when we are in harmony with nature and obedient to her spirit? This last question answers itself; and, in the asking it, we are assured that nature does not yield to us, but demands that we shall be obedient to its divine will. When we know its ways and follow them, we find health and happiness. —*From the Christian Register.*

THE STILL HOUR.

ROCK-BOUND.

Brave little flower,—I wonder at it so!
I've seen its favored sisters as they grow
In cultured beauty, where a gardener's care
Helps win for them the loveliness they wear.
Here, from a crevice in a lonely rock,
These tiny petals graciously unlock,
Content to bloom unnoticed and unknown,
Their strange environment unyielding stone.
A twofold text does this wee exile teach:

It makes the most of all that comes in reach,
And making so the cleft it nestles in
Lovely and fair, just for its having been.
A few small grains of sand, and, lo! it grew,
And finds enough its daily share of dew.
Each gift God sends, it takes and treasures up,
And offers back to him in its small cup.
I am rebuked of this wise little flower:
I will take heed, repentant from this hour;
I'll take the gifts God sends me, more or less,
And, if I may, so take them as to bless
All such as come by sorrow, pain, or strife
Within the narrow boundaries of my life.
—*Anna J. Granniss.*

Never think yourself too insignificant or the thing too mean. You and it have an infinite capacity for absorbing, storing away, raying out glory.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

The souls that would really be richer in duty in some new position are precisely those who borrow no excuses from the old one, who even esteem it full of privileges, plenteous in occasions of good, frequent in divine appeals.—*Martineau.*

There is no presumption involved in the claim to be "fellow-citizens with the saints." The moment I really begin to love God, and try to be like God, I am on their side, and can claim whatever help and inspiration they have to give.—*Charles Beard.*

The characteristic of the Christian victory is its *inwardness*, that it is not gained over the *accidents* which lie around us, but, first of all, over the substantial difficulties which lie *within* us, and, after these and through them, over all outward things.—*Henry Wilder Foote.*

Our task is not to show that any ground is less holy than it was of yore, but that all is holy alike. It is not that cathedral aisles have lost their sanctity, it is not that the Sabbath rest has suffered desecration, but that every day and every place alike are sacred to the Lord.—*Selected.*

O thou divine Life, in whose greatness the smallness and the fragmentariness of our imperfect lives may be taken up and blessed and forgiven and made more nearly complete, thou whose gentleness should make us great, we would be thankful for the beautiful promises that are always calling us to better and nobler lives. May all that is dull and unreceptive of good in us be quickened and aroused to high devotion and holy will, that we may forever escape the dread coercion of evil deeds, the fatal unravelling of conscience, the days of feeble resolve, when the will would, but cannot, because it would not when it could! And may the thought that what we have sown that shall we also reap abide in our minds with all its fear and all its solemn joy! Amen.—*George R. Freeman.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Passaic, New Jersey, branch. Address Mrs. C. C. Chamberlain, 251 Hope Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.

Educational.

Collar's "Beginner's Reader," No. 2; "Normal Course in Reading, Second, Third, and Fourth," Todd and Powell; "Hazen's Second, Third, and Fourth Readers"; "The Children's Second and Third Readers," Cyr; "Riverside Reader and Primer"; "Our World Reader," No. 1, Hall; "The Beginner's American History," Montgomery; "A Primer of Health," Stowell; "Stories of American Life and Adventure," Eggleston; "Grandfather's Stories," Johonnot; "Geographical Reader and Primer"; "Brooks and Brook Basins," Frye; "Practical Lessons in the Use of English," by Mary F. Hyde.

The Brighton branch offer the following. Address Miss Carrie Murdock, Washington Street, Brighton, Mass.

Journal of American Chemical (illegible) 1898; *American Chemical Journal*, 1897; *Journal of Franklin Institute*, 1898; *Science Abstracts*, 1900; *McClure's*, 1900; *Youth's Companion*, 1887; *Harper's Young People*, 1885.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send requests for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

I shall be very grateful for reading suitable for a girl in her "teens," also for some text-books. I have been in school only a few weeks since I lost my mother ten years ago, but I am now so situated that I can study at home if some of the good *Cheerful Letter* friends will send me Hyde's "Practical Grammar," Sandford's "Practical Arithmetic," Maury's "Manual of Geography," and a school dictionary. These are the books I would want in school, but I am not able to buy them and have no relative to help me. Miss Virda Shelton, Vinton, Virginia.

As a teacher, I have been laboring in the public schools in the mountains of Western North Carolina for seven years, and have thus been thrown in contact with nearly all classes of our people, which, as you know, gives me a clear insight to the needs of the public schools. Our schools continue for a term of only a few months, and we teachers find many impediments in our way. One, which perhaps is greatest, is the inability of the poorer classes to buy books; and thus the children are restrained from gaining even knowledge sufficient to meet the common problems of life. The compensation of teachers is very inadequate, not even sufficient to justify them in making ordinary expenditures for books, which, however, we are often compelled to do gratis. The parents of such children are mostly unable to buy necessary books. So we can readily see that the only way to reach these children is by the teachers waking up to a sense of their duty; and we feel interested and would like to be instrumental in elevating the children to a higher plane of living. If you can send us literature, we would be glad to give it to the needy, and take pleasure in so doing. J. Caswell Sherrill, Downsville, North Carolina.

Miss Dallie Dempsey, Lignum, Virginia, would be glad of any reading. She is fond of reading, but unable to buy.

Mrs. Gabe Nelson, Nettle Ridge, Virginia, a farmer's wife, with five children from ten years to two, will be glad of any reading and picture-books.

I have been an invalid for several years. I cannot work except very light work such as knitting or embroidery and do very little of either because my eyes are weak. Time passes very slowly for me. Will you please send "Josephus," also an Historical Atlas and Dictionary. I will be glad and thankful for them or any other good reading matter. I would be thankful for books that would interest children from four to eight years of age. Ada L. Horton, Elkville, North Carolina.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—I wish to express my thanks to you for your kindness shown me. Three years has passed since I wrote to you, asking for reading, and received many good papers and magazines, which were a great comfort in our family and to our neighbors; but for the last few months I have not been getting any except *The Cheerful Letter*, which I am always proud of. I would be glad of any reading. I am not able to pay for reading. Miss Helen Brammer, Turtle Rock, Virginia.

The address of Miss Annie L. Phillips is changed from Halcomb's Rock, Virginia, to Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia. She is particularly anxious for Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold." She also asks for any classic music, especially Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and "Sonata Pathétique," and any of the *standard* newer music. She teaches school in the country. Enjoys extremely the books and magazines sent to her.

I would love to have some good books to read, also papers, such as *Youth's Companion*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and any good papers. I have not the money to buy books and papers. I enjoy reading *The Cheerful Letter* so much. Carrie McKim, Rocky Run, Virginia.

Mrs. Lila Kay, Tennessee Colony, Anderson County, Texas, asks for the following books, "Mother's Portfolio" and "Babyland" for her little girls, aged five and three years.

Mrs. J. N. Slaughter of Mt. Airy, North Carolina, would like to join the Cheerful Letter Club and would be very glad to have some good reading sent her.

Mrs. A. B. Leonard, 44 Colberg Avenue, Roslindale, Mass., asks for one of her correspondents, a young school-teacher in Texas, a copy of the revised edition of the Bible and also a copy of "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Dear Cheerful Letter Friend,— I am afflicted with neuralgia and rheumatism, and my son has a lame hand. I will appreciate all the reading you kind friends see cause to send us. I will pass on to others like myself afflicted and not able to buy. Mrs. Richard Pickerel, Nettle Ridge, Virginia.

It would be a great pleasure to me to become a member of the Book Club, so I could receive some of the books to read; for I am a helpless, wheel-chair invalid, and always will be. I live in the country, about four miles from town or post-office. I shall be eighty-three if I live until March 14, 1903. My husband died fourteen years ago; and, as we had no children, I lived alone till about seven years ago, when my brother, who was left alone by the death of his wife, came back to what was our childhood home, that we might pass our last days together. He passed away recently, therefore I am left entirely alone. I have a cheerful and congenial lady for a companion, who enjoys reading to me. I would be very pleased with the book entitled "Pilgrim's Progress," "Life of Rev. N. Summerbell," published by J. J. Summerbell, Dayton, Ohio, and Whittier's "Poems." Mrs. C. T. W. Rowell, Athens, Maine.

I am a farmer's wife with six little children, the oldest eleven years,—three girls and three boys. We live on rented land, and are very poor people. I would be pleased to receive reading for myself and little children. If not asking too much, would be pleased to receive school-books for my children, such as reading books and spellers or any good reading. Mrs. Mary V. Doss, Palmetto, Virginia.

Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Stella, Virginia, the mother of seven children, the oldest eleven years, asks for any reading suitable for herself and children.

As Rev. J. L. Bennett, Marshville, North Carolina, by my request sent my name, recommending me to you, and as I have received *The Cheerful Letter*, I write that you may know I appreciate your favor and would be glad of any good literature that I might read and distribute. I live in a section where I might give to many who are without much reading matter. If you can send me some books or journals, I would appreciate them very much. Miss Sophronia Morgan, Rushing, Union County, North Carolina.

A member of the Cheerful Letter gave me a copy of it a few days ago; and, as it is for the benefit of mothers, I would like to join. I have three little boys: the oldest one of them is only three years old. I have been married five years, and am only twenty years old. I was nothing but a girl when I married. Therefore, I knew nothing of the responsibilities of a mother. My husband is poor, but we are striving to do the best we can for our children. We live about four miles from neighbors; and I don't take any papers at all, and have no books to read except as I borrow them. I would be so glad to get a book to read occasionally. By the time I buy what I am obliged to, I don't feel able to buy books. I try to be as economical as possible, for Mr. Satterfield works harder than he is able to. I feel that I need some one to sympathize with me, and I think I can get it by joining the Cheerful Letter friends. There are lots of poor people around me that even have not enough to eat. I will distribute anything to them that is requested of me. Mrs. Lillie Satterfield, Mount Airy, Surry County, North Carolina.

Mrs. DeWitt Clay, Pearch, Bedford County, Virginia, writes: "I have been a reader of *The Cheerful Letter* a year, and enjoy it so much. I am a farmer's wife with two little boys. Am very delicate, not able to leave home. I would like so much to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Munsey's*, or any good books and sermons. Also a Bible and dictionary. I will share with others any reading which I receive."

Miss Lizzie Bailey, Munroe, Maine, an invalid for eight years, sends thanks to those who have sent her reading, and asks for the "Autobiography of Booker Washington."

Mrs. Jennie Watson, Arlington, Tennessee, asks for any reading. She is an invalid.

Mrs. M. A. Star, Grant, Indian Territory, an invalid confined to her bed, would like to receive story-papers for herself, and "First, Third, and Fifth Readers" for her children.

Mrs. Mary Roberts, Tyson, Texas, asks for "Helen Maurice."

Mrs. B. F. Smith, Mountain View, Oklahoma, would like James Whitcomb Riley's Poems or Thomas Moore's.

The address of Mrs. Mary E. Stevenson is now Weyauwega, Waupaca County, Wisconsin. She asks for "Scenes beyond the Grave."

Mrs. G. G. Burton is now at Sims, Kiowa County, Oklahoma Territory.

THE MOTHERS' CLUB.

[*Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

THE MOTHER AT HOME (*continued*).

Never punish when the child has not intentionally done wrong. Children are often very unjustly punished. Things which are really wrong are overlooked, and again punishment is inflicted on account of some accident when the child is entirely innocent. Such a course of procedure not only destroys in the mind of the child the distinction between accident and crime, but is in itself absolutely iniquitous. The parent has all the power; and she may be the most relentless tyrant, and the child can have no redress. There is no oppression more cruel than that often thus exercised by passionate parents over their children. It is not infrequently the case that a mother, who does not intend to be guilty of injustice, neglects to make a proper distinction between faults and accidents. A child is playing about the room, and accidentally tears its clothes or breaks a window with the ball which it is allowed to bounce upon the floor. The mother, vexed with the trouble it will cause her, hastily punishes the poor child. A child may be careless, and so criminally careless as to deserve punishment. In that case it ought not to be punished for the accident, but for the carelessness, which is a fault. This injustice is far more extensively practised than is generally imagined. The most common cause of unjust punishment is confounding the accidental consequences of an act with the real guilt which a child incurred while performing that act. We are all too much inclined to estimate guilt by consequences. A child, who has been permitted to climb upon the chairs and take things from the table, accidentally pushes off some valuable article. The mother severely punishes the child. Now where did this child do wrong? You never taught him that he must not climb upon the table. Of course, in that there was no disobedience; and he was not conscious of doing anything improper. If merely a book had fallen, probably no notice would have been taken of it. But the simple fact that one thing fell instead of another cannot alter the nature of the offence. If it had been the most valuable watch which had fallen, and thus had been entirely ruined, if it had occurred purely through accident, the child deserves no punishment. Perhaps some one says, There is no need of arguing a point which is so clear. But is it not clear that such acts of injustice are very frequent? And is not almost every mother conscious that she is not sufficiently guarded upon this point? A mother must have great control over her feelings, a calmness and composure of spirit not easily disturbed, or she will be occasionally provoked to acts of injustice by the misfortunes of which her children are the innocent cause.

Does any one ask, What should be done in such cases as the one referred to? The an-

swer is plain. Children ought to be taught not to do what will expose property to injury and then, if they do what is thus prohibited, consider them guilty, whether injury results or not. If the child in the above-named case had been so taught, this would have been an act of direct disobedience. And a faithful mother would probably pursue some such course as this. Without any manifestation of anger, she would calmly and seriously say to her son:—

"My son, I have often told you that you must not climb upon the table. You have disobeyed me."

"But, mother," says the son, "I did not mean to do any harm."

"I presume you did not, my son. I do not accuse you of doing harm, but of having disobeyed me. The injury was accidental, but you are not accountable for it; but the disobedience was deliberate, and very wrong. I am very sorry to punish you, but I must do it. It is my duty."

She would then punish him, either by the infliction of pain or by depriving him for a time of some of his usual privileges or enjoyments. The punishment, however, would be inflicted for the *disobedience*, and not for the *accident* which attended the disobedience. The child could not but feel that he was justly condemned.

But the question still remains, What is to be done upon the original supposition that the child had never been taught that it was wrong to climb upon the table or to throw his ball about the room? In that case the mother has, manifestly, no right to blame the child. The fault is hers in not having previously taught him the impropriety of such conduct. All she can now do is to improve the occasion, to show him the danger of such amusments, and forbid them in future.

If the child be very young, the mother will find it necessary occasionally to allude to the accident, that the lesson may be impressed upon the mind. If she did not do this, the occurrence might soon pass from its memory; and in a few days he might again, through entire forgetfulness, be engaged in his forbidden sports.

Allowance must also be made for the ignorance of a child. You have, perhaps, a little daughter, eighteen months old, who often amuses herself in tearing to pieces some old newspaper which you give her. It is to her quite an interesting experiment. Some day you happen to have your attention particularly occupied for a length of time, and at last raise your eyes to see what keeps her so quiet upon the floor. Behold! she has a very valuable book in her hand, which she has almost entirely ruined, and your first impulse is to punish her or at least severely to reprove her for the injury. But has she really been doing anything deserving of punishment or censure? Certainly not. How can she know that it is proper for her to tear one piece of paper, but wrong for her to tear another? She has been as innocently employed as she ever was in her life. The only proper thing to be done in such a case is to endeavor to teach the child that a *book* must be handled with care, and must not be torn. But how can she be taught this without punishing her? She may be taught by the serious tone of your voice and the sad expression of your countenance that she has been doing something which you regret. In this way she may be easily taught the difference between a book and a newspaper.

A little boy, about two years old, was in the habit of amusing himself by scribbling upon paper with a pencil. The father came into the room one day, and found that the little fellow had exceedingly defaced a new book. The marks of his pencil were all over it. Perfectly unconscious of the mischief he was doing, the child continued his employment as the father entered. In many cases the parent, in irritation, would have roughly taken the book away, and inflicted a severe blow upon the cheek of the child. I thought I perceived that this was the first emotion in the mind of the parent, though he was of an unusually calm and collected spirit. If it was, however, he immediately saw its impropriety; for, approaching his child, he said in a perfectly mild and pleasant tone,—

"O, my son, my son, you are spoiling the book!"

The child looked up in amazement.

"That is a book, my son; you must not scribble upon that. See here," turning over the leaves, "you will spoil father's book. Here is some paper for you. You may write upon this, but you never must write in the book."

The father then took the book, injured as

it was, and laid it aside, without any exhibition of excited feeling. Now how manifestly is this the proper course to pursue in such a case; and yet how few children are there who in such circumstances would have escaped undeserved punishment!

These illustrations are sufficient to show the importance of making allowance for ignorance and for accidents. And they also show how frequently children suffer, when they are not to blame. If a child is punished when innocent, as well as when guilty, the distinction between right and wrong is obliterated from his mind. Hence it becomes an important rule in family government never to punish when the child has not intentionally done wrong.

John S. C. Abbott, 1833.

NATURAL HISTORY.

MARVELS OF DEEP-SEA LIFE.

The animals of the deep sea which live habitually in water just above the freezing point, in darkness that is profound, are among the most grotesque and singular of living beings. The fishes, so far as known, are of small size; but this does not prove that there are no large animals in the deep sea. The method of taking deep-sea forms precludes the capture of any except the small and very sluggish ones which lie in the deep ooze; but the time will come when a large dredge will be invented in which the monsters of the deep will be taken, as there are few naturalists which have given the subject any attention but believe that there are in the greater depths some gigantic animal which is occasionally seen by those who go down to the sea in ships. The many and oft-recurring stories of the sea serpent cannot all be visions, pictures of the fancy. Many of the supposed sea serpents are whales, lines of birds, or patches of sea-weed; but it is the consensus of opinion among conservative naturalists that there is some gigantic animal in the deep sea yet unknown to science which occasionally comes to the surface, showing portions of its form to the amazement of the mariner who may chance to be in the vicinity.

As to the nature of these unknown animals, we have several suggestions. Some years ago a fisherman on the Georges Banks off the Maine coast, or in that vicinity, brought up a remarkable fish twenty feet in length, which was entirely new to him. Considering it a mere encumbrance, it was thrown overboard; but the catch was reported, and aroused great interest among naturalists, so much that a large sum was offered to the fishermen to fish it up again, which they tried to do without success. The fish was a veritable young sea serpent; and, if such a fish attained the length of fifty feet, it would well compare with the accounts of sea serpents which are reported so often. Since this occurrence several eel-like sharks have been taken,—long serpentine-like creatures that, when large, must be the sea serpents of the deep sea, and have convinced observers that the tales which have aroused the credulity of people are not without foundation, and that this mysterious realm conceals strange and gigantic forms which only rarely rise to the surface.

The eel-like sharks found are in some instances luminous, emitting a strange light over the entire surfaces,—the light-givers of the deep sea.

Another strange denizen of the deep is the so-called ribbon fish, several specimens of which the writer has seen on the shores of Santa Catalina Island. This creature is one of the most beautiful of all fishes. It resembles a white or silver ribbon, slashed with black. A long fin extends its entire length, and over the head forms a number of plumes or pompons of a vivid red that in long specimens might easily be taken for a mane waving to and fro. That this delicate ribbon fish attains a large size is generally believed, as large specimens have been captured. Some years ago a fisherman was hauling a net on the coast of Scotland, when it was found that some heavy weight was holding the net back. Additional help was obtained; and a dozen men finally hauled in a monster fish, which was estimated to weigh eight hundred pounds. It was a gigantic ribbon fish, thirty feet or more in length, so long and heavy that it required the efforts of half a dozen men to carry it along the deck. It was a veritable sea serpent; and, extending from its head were tall deep-red or scarlet plume-like fins, which forms a sort of "mane," fre-

quently described as being seen on the typical sea serpent. If these fishes attain a length of thirty feet, there is no reason why they may not exceed this; and it is very possible that some of the "sea serpents" which have been observed at various times were gigantic ribbon fishes which came up from the deep sea, and moved along with undulating motion at the surface.

During the past year a large specimen of this deep-sea wonder washed ashore at Newport Beach, Cal., where it was destroyed by a Mexican, ignorant of its value. The fish, which was twenty-five or thirty feet in length and estimated to weigh five hundred pounds, was seen at first in the surf, presenting a remarkable appearance as its silvery folds rolled over and over and flashed in the sunlight. The finder waded into the surf, and with much difficulty hauled the struggling ribbon fish out upon the sands.

How deep the ribbon fish lives in the sea is unknown, but it is supposed to come up from the very great depths where almost profound darkness reigns.

One of the most remarkable as well as gigantic animals of the deep sea is the giant squid,—a favorite tid-bit of the sperm whale. The size to which these animals grow, their strength, their hideous appearance, place them on a par with many of the weird and grotesque creatures of a past age. The squid undoubtedly attains a length of nearly, if not over, one hundred feet; and pieces have been taken from the stomach of whales which suggested animals far beyond this in size.

No more hideous creature can be imagined. The body is barrel-shaped, the tail like an arrow-head, the eyes as large as saucers, black and white, hypnotic and staring. The arms are attached to the head, and are ten in number, from ten to twenty feet long in extremely large animals, while two are from thirty to fifty feet in length, depending upon the size of the individual. The short arms are provided with extraordinary suckers their entire length. The two long ones have them only at the extremities; and they form virtually a pair of pincers which are shot out thirty or more feet like a flash of light to seize unsuspecting prey, which is then hauled among the shorter arms and held powerless to escape. The mouth is small, but is provided with two large parrot-like beaks. This weird creature, weighing tons, with a power of changing its color like a chameleon, and in some species luminous, lives in deep fjord-like bays and probably in the deeper regions of the ocean, as it is rarely seen except when wounded. A number of years ago an epidemic appears to have overtaken these animals; and numbers were found at the surface in Newfoundland waters, one, fifty-five feet in length, giving the man who discovered it a hard struggle. The hideous animal threw its arms over the boat, holding on with vise-like strength, emitting clouds of ink which permeated the water in every direction. It was finally secured, towed in, and anchored in the surf, where it lay until the tide ebbed, tossing its arms aloft, filling the water with ink,—a terrifying spectacle.

The capture of nearly all the giant squids has been sensational. The French man-of-war "Alectron" sighted one some years ago lying upon the surface. A boat was lowered; but the captain was loath to allow his men to attack it, fearing that some one would be killed or injured by the flying arms or be hauled down into the water. Finally, a harpoon was thrown into it, and killed it. When the animal was hauled aboard, by its mere weight it fell apart; yet there was no doubt but that it could have held two men in each arm, and drowned them easily in the open water. So uncanny a creature might well inspire horror among seamen, but there is every reason to believe that they are very timid. The writer measured one of these animals, which proved to be forty-five feet in length, and at the island of Santa Catalina once observed a school of squids from eight to ten feet long rush in upon the rocks, chased by large fishes. One of these curious creatures was placed in a large tank, where it lived for several hours, giving a remarkable exhibition of color changes. It threw its long arms about the edges of the tank with a grip almost impossible to dislodge, while over its body flashed tint and color changes fairly dazzling. The prevailing hue was reddish-brown, becoming vivid, then fading away to pale gray, suggestive of the possibilities of concealment of this strange animal. The writer has seen them poising over a white sandy bottom almost invisible. Then, when over

a dark bottom, they took on a darker shade also, almost invisible to any lurking foe. When attacked, the animal shot away tail first like an arrow, discharging backward at its enemy a cloud of ink which filled the water for many feet about,—a protective measure at once effective and sensational.

The question of large animals of the deep sea is one of the problems of the future; and doubtless, in the years to come, some trap will be devised which will bring to the surface creatures which in form and shape will be as remarkable as the smaller animals known to be the light-givers of these abysmal regions of the ocean world.—*Prof. Charles Frederick Holder, Pasadena, Cal., in Christian Register.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Contributions to this column may be sent to Miss K. C. Porter, 22 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.*]

I.

Reversals. (*St. Nicholas.*)

Example. A recompense, to suppose.
Answer. Meed — deem.

1. A coal wagon; a place of public sale.
2. A famous island; having power.
3. A deceiver; to reproach.
4. A volcano in Sicily; a Latin prefix.
5. Active; calamity.
6. To toast; clothing.
7. Wounded; the god of love.

II.

Pi. (*St. Nicholas.*)

No eth dwin in rubyfare
Wons-kafels loaft listle.
Falh clendeni ot nutr ot rian
Pigpinn, prindgip, chihl
Tenh het swath slewl eht stamers
Dan louslew, sevirr wells het eas
Fi eht trinew veer neds
Who tapelans ti lwil eb.

III.

Novel Word-square. (*St. Nicholas.*)

I had a young playmate named 1—2—2—1.
And I went to school with her once just for fun.
But at 2—3—3—2, when recess was most through,
I said that she was a 2—3—4—2.
She said she was not, that my grammar was new,
But, that if "she" was one, then "I" was one, too.
So we quarrelled and parted, as others have done;
And I went home alone, without 1—2—2—1.

IV.

Riddle. (*St. Nicholas.*)

Color green am I, and lie
Quiet in my garden-bed.
Let me hit you as I fly,
And I stain you color red.

Wood or iron, black or blue,
I am musical or dumb;
Many shapes, of every hue,
But as hollow as a drum.

V.

(*St. Nicholas.*)

Transpose the letters in the following sentence, and you will find three articles of furniture.

A Maple Latch Rib.

VI.

Charade.

When sable night rides down the west,
Chased by my first array,
My second comes then with the first,
And hails the genial ray.
My whole combined, to you will show
A time allowed for rest.
Though 'tis absurd, alas! too true,
Good Christians all confess.

Answers to Puzzles in July Number.

I. Casket of jewels: —
1. Diamond. 2. Garnet. 3. Opal. 4. Pearl. 5. Agate. 6. Amethyst.

II. Aspen.
Shore.
Poles.
Erect.
Nests.

III. Pine, maple, elm, ash.
Pear, fig, orange, plum.
Pea, corn, turnip, bean.
Heath, aster, rose, calla.

IV. Charade.
Stone wall.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, Box 91, South Framingham, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Please notice changes in the addresses of our officers, during the summer.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Please mention in the August *Cheerful Letter* the death of Mrs. Ida T. Tuck, Bethel Hill, North Carolina. She died June 9, and her daughter asks that those who have been so kind to her should be thanked through our paper. Mrs. Tuck was a fine woman, and has been my most interesting correspondent from the first. So that I feel that I have really lost a friend. B. L.

JUNE 22, 1902.

It is with sadness that I write you these lines to say that Mrs. Eunice Marshall has closed her mission on earth. She was a member of the Church of Christ for nearly thirty-two years; her age, fifty-five years. She leaves a husband, seven children, and many friends to mourn her loss. She was a lover of *The Cheerful Letter*, and would read it to her husband and children. We shall be pleased with the continuation of *The Cheerful Letter*, and may God bless its co-laborers is the prayer of her sorrow-stricken husband.

W. C. H. MARSHALL.

BOX 150, NORTON, KANSAS.

DIRECTIONS.

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SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, Box 71, Annisquam, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Louise Howe, Little Nahant, Nahant, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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